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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Contents.

RIAL. PAGE.

es 129
immed Ideal.—W. C. GANNETT . 129
and Things 130

RIBUTED AND SELECTED.

e.—ALICE GORDON 131
fessor Freeman 131
ix Hundred Dollar Church.—H. D.
STEVENS 131
day and the World's Fair.—J. C.
F. GRUMBINE. 131
ESPONDENCE 131
CH DOOR PULPIT.
Living Church.—REV. C. F.
BRADLEY 132
EXCHANGE TABLE 132
STUDY TABLE 133
S FROM THE FIELD 134
HOME 135
ISHER'S NOTES 136

Editorial.

ROFESSOR SWING gives an account e Chicago fire, in mingled pathos humor, in the last number of *ner's Magazine*. Among other lents he relates how while stand- with his family at a corner, each ened with some prized household ession, himself carrying a hand- k of sermons and other literary er, "a theological student re- d me of my box of sermons and me to trust them implicity to him. as well I did so," he adds, "for soon found a pretty girl who was ying a bundle of fine dresses. He w the box of manuscripts down enlisted in the service of attractive anhood. These documents never n were spread out to weary a ropolitan or rural audience. And all the girl married a lawyer."

TEREST in educational topics vs more widespread and intelli- every day. Each new issue of prominent magazines contains one nore articles on these subjects. rapid increase in number of nen above men as teachers with- the past half-century is by y accepted as an argument in r of women's superior fitness for this kind of work; but Rabbi Schindler in the last *Arena* describes this "preponderance of woman's influence in our public schools" as the most noticeable flaw in our present system, the weak spot which menaces the whole. He pleads earnestly for the combined labors of the best qualified men and women in the school-room, and is undoubtedly right when he says that the chief reason for the large number of women now employed, to the practical exclusion of men in all the lower grades, lies in the fact that they are willing to work for such small salaries. When men choose teaching as a means of support, it is also as a life calling, a professorship; but with women the choice is too often made for merely temporary reasons, and from purely selfish motives.

THE modern spirit of theological disputation finds another illustration in the resignation of Professor Van Dyke from Princeton Seminary, and the discussion it has given rise to in the press. The *Nation* thinks this event shows anew how such dissensions as those which have been lately agitating the Presbyterian church tend to drive the extremists on both sides into a more dogmatic attitude, hardening the mind of each. The spirit at Princeton can not but grow narrower every day: "It ought to make a seminary pause, we should think, to find that its zeal for sharpening distinctions of doctrine and making them tests of loyalty, results in the loss of one of its own sons and successful teachers, who maintains his entire fidelity to the creed of his church and the old traditions of the seminary, but who refuses to ally himself with those who are endeavoring to make the institution more orthodox than the Pope. Princeton has already had the mortification of seeing several of her sons go over to the radical, or at least the liberal, party in the church. There is nothing unprecedented about that: the most ardent innovators are usually those who have revolted from a surfeit of traditional teaching. Yet this fact does not prevent the zealots of every generation from following the example of the gods of Greece and devouring their own children."

We publish Professor Van Dyke's letter of resignation in our Exchange Table.

THE figure of the author of Faust will always be of commanding interest in the world of literature. Prof. H. H. Boyesen, in his new work on German Literature, descants on that perplexing side of Goethe's nature, seen in his relations to his friends, both men and women. "He loved his friends so long as they had something to contribute to his life," Professor Boyeson tells us, "and he dropped or shook them off when he had exhausted their educational value." This was especially true, he adds, with regard to women. The professor is less inclined to condemn this method of procedure than to defend it, claiming that the sacrifice of outgrown relations is not selfishness, but "a duty which every sincere man owes himself," and in support of this view quotes Emerson's saying about not giving hostages to fortune. This strikes us as a renewal of the old plea that genius lives in a moral world of its own and may create its own laws; a safe hypothesis if an infallible court of inquiry could pronounce upon the claims of genius to that lofty title, but there are too many self-styled geniuses, ready to prove such claim by some invasion of the laws that govern their commonplace neighbors. We like Channing's thought better: "Genius is characterized by self-mastery," and that of Morley also, who speaks of "that lofty and vivid sense of responsibility which a conciousness of power breeds in fine natures."

WE have often called attention to the injurious effect of many of our funeral customs, designed to perpetuate loving memory of the dead; and are glad to note that there is an organization in England whose object is to correct some of the abuses in this direction. It is called "The Church of England Burial, Funeral and Mourning Reform Association." As fashion and religious superstition rule most arbitrarily here, it is encouraging to note that the membership is made up largely of the nobility and clergy; that the meetings are presided over by bishops of the Established Church, and that the Archbishop of Westminster has expressed his sympathy with the movement. The objects of the association are to secure economy and simplicity in funeral ceremonies and a manner of burial that shall resolve the body into its original elements as soon as possible. Some of the members favor burial without a coffin and as high a spiritual authority as the Bishop of London has spoken in partial approval of this, showing that the coffin is a comparatively modern invention, founded on the belief in bodily resurrection, and advocating a coffin of perishable material like *papier-maché*. One of the Sunday press comments very sensibly on this point when declaring it to be an inconsiderate rather then a considerate act so to bury our dead, that the bodies must remain for years in a state of loathsome putrefaction. Reason and science can teach us a truer reverence here and elsewhere than old-time religious sentiment.

THE *Christian Leader* finds a difference between the Theatre and the theatres. The first is defined, rather grandiloquently, as "the expression in dramatic terms, with correlated facial interpretations and attitudes, of the passions, hopes, fears, joys and sorrows of the human soul," the highest embodiment of which is declared to be the "Christian preacher who feels and intonates and looks the truths he utters." Foundation for this theory is discovered in the historical fact that the Greek play was in its earliest days a religious rite. "the Greek theatre a temple, the Greek tragedian a national preacher." As for the theatres they are what the managers and the standards of the attending patronizing public make them. We have no objection to the distinction, provided that the minister performers in the Theatre, as it is abstractly conceived and spelled with a capital, do not recite their parts too glibly and prove too good actors. The first qualification of a minister is that he be a man very much in earnest, and such a one is apt in moments of great interest in his subject to make an ungraceful gesture or assume a careless attitude. We would prefer to have the "facial interpretations" not too consciously "correlated" to the sermon and its text.

THE essay on "The Education of the Negro," by William T. Harris in the last *Atlantic*, contains several letters from Southern writers, one of whom finds one of the chief drawbacks to the higher civilization of the black man in his religion, which is almost wholly separated from any notion of moral responsibility. The connection between belief and behavior is one the educated white man has grown into very slowly, and it is not strange the ignorant freedman has not yet reached a knowledge of it. "In the black belt," says this writer, "religion and virtue are often considered as distinct and separable things. The moral element, good character, is eliminated from the essentials of Christianity, and good citizenship, womanliness, truth, chastity, honesty, are not always of the essence of religious obligation." But our Southern brothers should consider how little any form of religion taught to slaves could afford to embody any deep moral truths. The defects of the negro's religion, like those that inhere in his general training and character, can be directly traced to the social and legal subjection in which he was held for so many generations, of whose bitter fruits it is but just the entire nation should share the punishment, the long waiting and struggle for better things.

A Dimmed Ideal.

The Western Conference has passed a new resolution; and congratulations, defences, disappointments concerning it, are all in order. Some of us are deeply disappointed, because it costs the *distinctness* of the "ethical" position that gave our Conference its unique value. Herein also lay our offence. The inspiration and the offence of that distinctness necessarily went together. Other Unitarians have claimed an ethical basis in *words*, but for *work* have deliberately and avowedly rejected it,—thereby belying, as it seems to me, their word. Now that distinctness of ours is lost. A clause has been added to what we said before, which means much or means little according to individual judgment. Some say, "It alters nothing; the Conference stands exactly where it did." Others say, "It alters so much that, whereas for six years we have done what we could to shatter or weaken the Conference, now we will do what we can to strengthen it." This difference of interpretation came out in the discussion of the resolution. It is destined, I fear, to come out more plainly still in the future. For the sake of peace the Conference consents to dim its principle in a haze of words—a haze seen to be haze, whence its "peace" value,—instead of keeping it in the clear light and drawing men up to it. The Conference is weary of its loneliness. It chooses quick peace on the lower level, instead of slower but lasting peace, with wider service to the world, upon the higher level.

The new resolution reads:

"*Resolved*, That the general aim and purpose of the Conference is to promulgate a religion in harmony with the foregoing preamble and statement."

To understand these seeming simple words, let the "preamble" and "statement" referred to be recalled. The former reads:

"*Resolved*, That, while the Western Unitarian Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to restatement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority.

"*Therefore*, speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth, we, delegates of the Western Unitarian Churches in Conference assembled at Chicago, May 19, 1887, declare our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests, and welcome all who wish to join us to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world.

"And, inasmuch as many people wish to know what Unitarianism commonly stands for, speaking always in the spirit above set forth, we make the following statement of its past history and our present faiths."

Then follows the "statement" of faiths; the one referred to in the new resolution. There is no haze in that preamble; none in the statement of doctrines; none in the connection of the two things. Taken together, they show how a "creed" can be a very angel of freedom and a messenger of faith in one. The sting of a "creed" lies in its compulsion and its limitation. There was neither compulsion nor limitation in our words; and that was the trouble with them,—they were too free. Yet mark: enabled by this freedom, the Western Conference has spoken out its doctrinal beliefs more openly than any other Unitarian body of its size has ever dared to do. The National Conference has never been so outspoken about its faiths as we. The American Unitarian Association has never been so frank. Neither could safely be so frank, because neither as yet has dared to assert so fully and explicitly its freedom. And a strange injustice has stained our Unitarian history these latter years: our Conference *unique in the unreservedness* of its faith-statement has been cold-shouldered (the word is mild) by both these large, strong bodies of our brethren as being the Conference of little faith. It could not go one inch farther in the "creed" direction without in some way limiting and undermining freedom. That it would not do. And this faith-statement was our olive-branch offered to our seceding comrades,—no compromise, but still a large offering to meet their wishes for a doctrinal position; and it was offered freely at Cincinnati at the very outset of the trouble. Offered and refused. The inch farther that would limit freedom was the thing wanted. It was demanded,—and the "issue" followed. Thank God that it did! And thank God that for six years, at least, the Conference has braved the misrepresentation and indifference and loneliness that Eastern Unitarians have accorded it in consequence!

Now, to show where the "haze" lies in the new resolution, let it be written out more plainly thus:

Resolved, That the Conference reaffirms its preamble, that is, its purely "ethical basis" of fellowship, and its declaration that any statement of doctrinal beliefs it makes, is but a statement of the day, always open to re-statement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority; *but*, while reaffirming this, it hereby expressly declares it to be its general aim and purpose to *limit its missionary work to the particular statement of beliefs set forth in Chicago in 1887*. There is the new resolution made plain. That is what "harmony with the foregoing preamble and statement" *means* to those for whom the phrase was framed. Does it sound inwardly and nobly consistent with itself? Does it sound thoroughly honest? Or rather is it not a virtual confession,—"Henceforth we, too, are going to divide between our word and work: we still shall claim the glory of the splendid freedom, but in our practical work we will not try to live up to it?"

There can be no doubt, I think, that this limitation as to work was the exact intent of the original introducer of the motion, and that to his mind and minds that stand with him it is the implication that inheres in the resolution as adopted by the Conference, and that gives it all its value as a "peace" measure. They regard the Conference as henceforth *pledged* in the main to lines of theistic activity. This meaning came out so plainly in the first form of the resolution, the one offered by Mr. Sunderland, himself,* that that form was abandoned for the broader and vaguer one proposed by Mr. Fenn and adopted by the Conference. It came out plainly in the explanation of his intent which Mr. Sunderland made before the Conference. It comes out plainly in the explanation which he has since made (in the June *Unitarian*) of the effect, to his mind, of the new resolution.

"Some have said," he writes, "if a majority of the Conference in 1887 believed in the things contained in the above statement, that was enough, that *pledged* the Conference to their promotion. But certainly it did not. The statement as the mere description of a religion to which the Conference *in no wise commits itself* was not and is not satisfactory to us. What we want to know is, what is the Conference's agreed purpose,—particularly as regards its missionary work,—what it wants our money and our aid for, what it *pledges* itself to do. * * * In adopting the new resolution the Conference adds a forward step, making its common aim to be theistic as well as ethical."

This differs somewhat, yet not much, from the old insistance that broke the Conference in two in 1886 and '87. In those years that insistance took varied forms,—now it was a wish to rid the Unitarian name and fellowship of ministers who did not share the common Unitarian beliefs; and then it was a formal setting forth of certain doctrines as "essential" to Unitarianism in clear-cut contrast with the "ethical basis" of the Conference, and so on. To-day the thing is narrowed down to the necessity of a doctrinal "working basis," and to the danger lest the Conference misemploy its missionary funds. But this residuum of the "issue" is no new suggestion. It was long ago proposed as a solution of our trouble. And it is essentially the ultimatum on which the A. U. A. offered us co-operation four or five years ago. It is at heart nothing but the old credal insistence which we had to face in 1886.

I think Mr. Sunderland himself would say that I have not mistaken his interpretation. It is, that the new resolution lays down a new doctrinal limit for the expenditure of any money the Conference may own or come to own, and in the main pledges it to keep that limit. Others say, "The new resolution alters nothing whatever in the position of the Conference." Which is right? *Whichever is right, the thing is haze*, and therein lies its peace value. Were Mr. Sunderland's meaning to be generally accepted by the Conference, the keen question of a friend as to this new resolution would be almost justified: "Where were the eyes and ears of the faithful when they put the W. U. C. on record as the first Unitarian body to bind itself to a creed in ten good articles?"

And the whole six years' struggle is by this haze belittled and discredited. The public will judge, "We were right then, after all; there was nothing in their 'issue.' If that little clause added can make all the difference, both parties have been fools from the beginning,—fools and sinful." Such comments have at once begun.

But now to make the best of a "peace" so bought. The clear affirming of a principle, and then the dimming and half-surrender of it by its friends for peace's sake, is, perhaps, the usual way of making progress. As compared with the position commonly held by Unitarians six years ago, I think there has been much gain through our "issue" discussion, and that the gain will last, and more and more appear. If the last battle has not been fought with the creed-spirit lingering among us, we are at least one long battle nearer to the end. Some day we shall be thanked for the stand made at Cincinnati against the attempt to fasten even a theistic creed and a Christian label *as "essential"* on the Unitarian denomination; and in that day the wrong of the surprise and catch attempted there shall be forgotten,—till then it cannot be. Some day, and it will come the sooner for what we have done, this miserable and ignoble theory of a "working" basis as distinct from a "talking" basis for a religious body, will make shame-spots glow in the Unitarian cheeks. Some day, and the signs of its dawn are much nearer than they were six years ago, even the A. U. A. will by taking thought add the cubit to its spiritual stature which shall enable it honestly to identify its "pure Christianity" with simple "truth and righteousness and love," and to believe that "as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God," whether they claim the name or no.

But to me, and for now, the old Western Conference, with which and for which it has been a joy to suffer, is no more. It no longer stands for the ideal. It has half way joined the majority, instead of standing in the clear until the majority had joined it. The Conference is so small a body that it is simply by holding up its ideals in religion of which most men are afraid, and being loyal to them,—and this is true of Unitarianism in general,—that it can help men much. That affirmation of ours by its distinctness made the Conference, tiny as it is, a real missionary power in the religious world, a spiritual force; and this distinctness we now largely lose. Besides all this, because I can not forget history I look with some misgiving to the hoped for fatness of the future.

But such disappointment, though it means of course a lessened interest in the Conference because a lessened honor for it, means—need this be said? nothing whatever in the way of hostility or of attempt to shatter. The Conference is still a Unitarian Conference, and it will still speak brave words and do good things. Moreover, in its heart it is a very *Western* Conference still. And it will have noble leaders. Among those who voted the new resolution in to being are some of the staunchest friends of the "ethical basis" through these past years of hardness. Man after man of them, and woman after woman, declared in the discussion that if they thought the resolution altered aught in the position of the Conference, they could not vote for it. In their hands now the Conference, so far as it stands for the old ideal, mainly rests. And they will find the returning comrades able earnest helpers of nearly all th best endeavors.

W. C. GANNETT

*It read as follows: "With a view to meeting the wishes of some of the Unitarian churches of the West and to secure greater union and harmony among all, I move that to the "statement of things most commonly believed among us," adopted by the Western Unitarian Conference in 1887, the following supplementary resolution be added; the same to be printed regularly with that statement.

Resolved, That without abrogating the Cincinnati resolution, the Western Unitarian Conference hereby declares it to be its aim and purpose as a missionary organization to promote within its boundaries by all practicable means, a religion in harmony with the foregoing statement as to the general faith of Unitarians."

THE Religion of Humanity gra fully accepts the work of the pro ets and apostles in olden time, those of one religion alone, but sages and spokesmen of all fait Yet it does not believe that the sp of wisdom and power that spo through them has gone so far aw that it can not reach the human mi to-day.—*W. J. Potter.*

Men and Things.

THE Methodist Conference lately held Westminster, Maine, voted, after a spiri discussion, to drop the word obey from marriage service. Such a conference wo of course vote in favor of women delega

THE Board of World's Fair Managers the state of Virginia are making rapid pr ress in their plan to reproduce Washingt Home at Mount Vernon as the Virgi State Building. It is expected that ab $15,000 will be raised for this purpose.

THE story comes from Boston that a le intended for Bishop Brooks and addres "The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Massachuse The Palace, Boston, U. S. A.," was retur undelivered to the postoffice by the inte gent carrier, indorsed: "Not found at Palace Theater."

REPORTER—"If you will allow me to h the sermon which you are to deliver on S day I will copy it and print it in Monda paper."

Reverend DeGoode—"I can not allow sermon to go out of my hands. If you come to church on Sunday you can hea and take notes."

Reporter (with dignity)—"I do not w on Sundays, sir."—*New York Weekly.*

A NEW anecdote of N. P. Willis is go the rounds of the press: The poet, thoug clever conversationalist, was a poor speal Called upon once at a banquet, he excu himself thus: "I thank you, gentlemen, the honor you have conferred, but I am a speaker. If I have any ability at all pen is my forte. You can not expec pump to give water from the handle as w as from the mouth, and if you will par me I will sit down." And he suited the tion to the word.

THE Salvation Army will not be limi to the infantry form of service hereafter, is to embrace a cavalry department. San Francisco branch is to send out a fo of ten men, one Chinaman among them, horseback to travel 800 miles through C fornia in the pursuit of their particular bors. The horses are said to be in train by an ex-cavalryman. It is to be called Hallelujah Cavalry and will be comman by Major Kyle. The costume is white alry fatigue hats, red blouses, cavalry bo

BISHOP WALKER, of North Dakota, making the rounds of his diocese, o holds service while on the railroads in famous "cathedral" car. One morn recently, a Western paper relates, the g Bishop won the hearts of the people back-country settlement by sweeping dusting out his car, and arranging for reception of his audience. The place crowded almost to suffocation when service began. A young gentleman helped the Bishop to make the audie comfortable turned out to be the Earl Caithness.

So many visitors to Chicago have nessed the operation of staff-making at Ja son park, the material which is to cover buildings, and out of which the allegor and other figures ornamenting them made, that they will be interested in following description: "The manner of manufacture is quick, simple and che Two boys cut a roll of hemp rope into sh lengths and work it into a loose, tang mass. This is stirred into a barrel of c mon cement with a small amount of pla of Paris, and vigorously stirred until it comes stiff—and you have staff. The he gives it adhesiveness, the cement hardn and the plaster of Paris finish. When mi the staff is rolled out into slabs to be na to the sides of the buildings, or made up blocks to be moulded into statues, fri cornices and other ornamental work of the sculptural work upon this staff by Italians and Frenchmen who their trade in Italy. It is a kind which sculptors of a high order sc which is none the less pleasing a beautiful. It is an excellent subs working into all sorts of artistic d and can be colored and tinted to every variety of beautiful marble

Contributed and Selected.

June.

ike a youthful queen she cometh,
From fair lands of skies serene,
nd the gray old earth to greet her,
Dons a livery of green.

n a robe of dainty fashion,
Every gnarled bough is gay,
resh, unworn the woodland garments,
Woven from the buds of May.

And a host of fairy workers,
Springing upward gay and fleet,
Spread a 'broidered velvet carpet,
For the summer's lightsome feet.

June, amid the fields and forest,
Straying like a happy child,
Till the dim old earth is smiling
Into brief delight beguiled.

Yet a deeper spell is breathing,
From thy blue unclouded sky,
And a note of expectation,
Sounds through Nature's harmony;

For beneath the leaftime beauty,
Is the promise of the seed,
All the earth is looking onward,
Striving for the future's need.

But a little time it lingers,
Glad amid June flowers to stay,
In the days undimmed by failure,
Lighted by Hope's golden ray.

ALICE GORDON.

Hamilton, Ill.

Professor Freeman.

....The keynote of his character was the extraordinary warmth of his interest in the things and persons he cared for, with a scarcely less conspicuous indifference to matters lying without the range of his sympathies. .....With no great turn for the refinements of classical scholarship, and, indeed, with some contempt for the practice of Latin and Greek verse-making which used to absorb so much of the time and labor of undergraduates and their tutors at Oxford and Cambridge, he was extremely fond of tracing words through different languages so as to establish the relations of the people who spoke them, and, indeed, used to argue that all teaching of languages ought to begin with Grimm's law, and to base his advocacy of the retention of Greek as a *sine qua non* for an Arts degree on the importance of that law. But with this love of philology as an instrument in the historian's hands, he took little pleasure in languages—that is to say, he did not care to master the grammar and idioms of a tongue, nor did he possess any aptitude for doing so. French was the only foreign language he could speak with any approach to ease, though he could read German, Italian, and modern Greek. Nor did literature simply as literature attract him. In his later years, at any rate, he seldom or never read a book in any foreign tongue except for the sake of the historical or political information it contained.

History was to him not only primarily, but almost exclusively a record of political events—of events in the sphere of war and of government. He expressed this view with concise vigor in the well-known dictum, "History is past politics, and politics is present history"; and though some of his friends frequently remonstrated with him against this view as far too narrow, excluding from the sphere of history many of its highest and deepest sources of interest, he would never give way.....The same predominant liking for the political element in history made him indifferent to many kinds of literature. Among the writers whom he most disliked prorere Plato, Carlyle, and Ruskin, in morone of whom could he see any merit. raeither, although very fond of the nen eek and Roman classics, did he the m to enjoy any of the Greek poets ny acept Homer and, to some extent, or of dar. He was impatient with Virgil, because, as he thought, Virgil could not or would not say a thing simply. Among English poets, his preference was for the old heroic ballads, such as the songs of Brunanburh and Maldon, and among recent writers, for Macaulay's Lays. Macaulay was also his favorite prose author, and he was wont to say that from Macaulay he had learned never to be afraid of using the same word to describe the same thing, and that no one was a better model to follow in the choice of pure English.

Such limitations of taste are not very uncommon among eminent men. What was really uncommon in him was the perfect frankness with which he avowed them, and the entire absence of any pretense at caring for things which he really did not care for. He was in this, as in all other matters, a singularly simple and truthful man, never seeking to appear other than he was, and finding it hard to understand why other people should not be equally simple and direct. This directness made him express himself with an absence of reserve which sometimes gave offense; and the restriction of his interest to a few topics—wide ones, to be sure—seemed to increase the intensity of his devotion to those few. Never did a worker more heartily enjoy his work. . . . .

The two chief practical interests he had in life both connected themselves with his conception of history. One was the discharge of his duties as a magistrate in the local government of his county. The other was the politics of the time—foreign not less, perhaps even more, than domestic. He was all his life a strong liberal. . . .

He was endeared to his friends, of whom he had a very large circle, chiefly by three things. One was his singular truthfulness. Another was hearty hatred of every form of oppression and cruelty, and his readiness at any moment to go forth and do battle against it. The third was his capacity for affection. Once he had admitted any one among those whom he reckoned as friends, his kindness was unfailing, and he was prepared not only to take the part of his friend and put the most favorable view on his conduct, but even to receive with good temper trenchant criticisms from him. Seldom has a hard-working literary man kept up so large a correspondence—a correspondence not of business, but of pure friendship; for he wrote because he felt the constant need of interchanging his thoughts with those whom he cared for. Such a keen sense of what friendship implies and demands is rare in our modern life, and wins a corresponding attachment from those who are its object.—*O. D., in The Nation.*

A Six Hundred Dollar Church.

EDITOR UNITY:—A recent visit to St. Anthony Park, a suburban town between St. Paul and Minneapolis, gave me an object-lesson in church building which may be of interest to readers of UNITY, and especially to all interested in missionary activities in the West. Here was found a nucleus of liberal families, who, about two years ago, began to hold services in a hall and in the Congregational church. Last fall the movement promised success sufficient to warrant the proposal to build a church-home. And not feeling financially able to build such an edifice as they then thought they must have, a circular letter was prepared in which a very frank statement was made of their condition, their desires, and of the monetary chasm which separated said desires from p[illegible] full realization. This w[illegible] churches, at [illegible] West, solicitin[illegible] results were anxiously awaited. The response was not encouraging, I believe, as to the amount of outside aid to be looked for.

And so this little band of the faithful sat themselves down and seriously thought over the whole matter. They wanted a nice modern church. But how could they get it without bankrupting themselves or incurring a heavy indebtedness for many years in the future? This little handful of liberal people then and there bravely faced the situation, and the whole matter soon boiled itself down to this consensus of judgment: If they could not then build such a church-home as they would like to possess, why, then, the only alternative was to build such a church home as they were able to pay for themselves. And so a small, commodious hall, as yet unpainted, was erected at the total cost of $600! This hall is seated with movable chairs, has a cabinet organ, a small library, and is rented for any suitable purpose for the accommodation of the citizens living at the Park. This hall, or church, or chapel, or mission, by whatever name called, has been paid for by the people themselves. It gives to them a shelter, a meeting place of their own, a "local habitation and a name." It is their church-home, and humble and plain though it is, it answers to all their present and actual wants.

Brother Crothers was along with me, and we both were agreed that here was an object-lesson in missionary church building which might well be heeded and copied by old and young liberal movements in the West. They all doubtless feel the need for a church-home of their own, and yet do not see how it can be built without the incumbrance of a long-deferred and paralyzing church debt. Here is a solution. Let them have the courage to build cheaply and pay for all of it themselves! When they are stronger financially, more numerous and prosperous, then they can build to their "heart's best desire" a $3,000, $5,000 or $10,000 church, and the little hall or chapel can be easily utilized for an entertainment hall or a parish house. Until then, let these little bands of liberal believers and workers have the moral good sense and the religious honesty to build according to their means. Let the $600 church multiply.

Alton, Ill. H. D. STEVENS.

Sunday and the World's Fair.

It seems impertinent to address the liberal constituency of the liberal church with so trite a demand for the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday as the one contained in a resolution passed by Western Unitarian Conference. The Fair should be a *silent* one was, I believe, the request. It is not at all what the masses of the people for whose benefit the World's Fair is to be opened on Sunday desire. They may wish to see the museums, horticultural display, art gallery and what not of this style of exhibition, but their chief desire is to see the *machinery*. At any rate, the working-men say that they are mostly interested in such a display. And why, pray, if the machinery should be silent, not, I hope, because of *noise* (a very puerile and senseless reason), but because of the employment it gives and confinement it enforces upon many men upon Sunday, and they should have a day of rest or leisure to see the Fair, why should not the silent Fair be closed also, for the art gallery and museums cannot run themselves and men must be employed to guard them and work in them. If the entire World's Fair can't be opened on Sunday then there is no object in opening the silent The working people wish to entire World's Fair, and it is in the interest of *the saloon* and the fight it is making, altogether, if the World's Fair is closed on Sunday. If it is possible to get any concession, why not get a concession of freedom which is all-embracing and not a compromise. Besides, it is not generally understood that the *World's* Fair is a *cosmic* exhibition and not a local United States or Chicago enterprise. If it is to meet the interests and privileges of *all* nations and peoples on the globe, it must not be a Presbyterian or Unitarian Fair, but one whose platform of rights and privileges is shaped and qualified by the rights of all classes represented by the Fair. How is the Jew, Buddhist, the nonconformist of every people, whose Sunday is Saturday or every day, and who regard, and rightly, one day, to be as good as any other day, to be treated?

It is the hope of not a few that the Unitarian church will advocate an open World's Fair all round on Sunday.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—If congratulations are in order I wish to be among the first to offer mine upon the action of the Western Conference by which the Western issue passes into history and no longer keeps apart those who belong together. I can not see why all that has been done by the new resolution was not implied in the old resolution and statement of things commonly believed, but if the dissidents could not see it so I am glad that without any compromise, or abandonment of the former liberties, we have attained a happy end. Let me confess that the demand for "a statement of purpose" which should not be a creed and test of fellowship has always seemed to me a piece of juggling, unconscious juggling of course. But I am bound to say that by leaving the former resolution and statement untouched and adding the new resolution we do get what has been demanded—"a statement of purpose" which no ingenuity can torture into a creed that is a bond of union and a test of fellowship. To impute bad motives to good actions is to sin against the Holy Ghost, and I hope there will be no curious consideration of the motives that have led to this overture on the part of those who have too long been alienated from the Western Conference. I can see in it only that they wanted an excuse for coming back to the old generous rivalry in making the good things better, and the bad things good.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Living Church.

READ BY REV. C. F. BRADLEY, AT THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, MAY 17TH, 1892.

(Continued from last week.)

In all directions, various and widely diversified departments of human culture are in a high state of activity and organical efficiency. In the department of practical politics, the highest genius and learning are enthusiastically toiling to solve the grave and complex problems of civil order. Finance and industry are developing into colossal systems, competent to the task of illimitable production. Literature and art are aflame with enthusiasm, and the brightest intellects of the age are searching and bringing to light the vast stores of truth and beauty locked in the world and in the soul. The sciences are indomitable, equipped with resources of skill which enable them to penetrate the profoundest secrets of nature and draw out her innermost powers subdued.

Man is on the point of being master of the world: yet he just misses it. He has heaped up incalculable treasures, and all material energies are organized and ready at his hand to do his will, yet his career is a failure. He struggles as one about to conquer, and does not conquer; beats about, persistent and baffled, and roams the earth all his days, striving and missing, whining and cursing.

His life is lost. I doubt if men were ever more seriously troubled by the terrors of the Hereafter and eager to secure salvation from them than they are troubled to-day by the hard and perilous conditions of human struggle and anxious to find some sure way of life.

The greatest thing in the world is human life. A child in its cradle, with the munificent, the terrible world in front, is an unfathomable problem. Unknown is it what powers are dormant in the baby's brains, life-uplifting powers, life-desolating powers. Unknown is the path which the baby's feet will take as they strengthen into youth and manhood. Years of noble usefulness and heart-filling cheer are possible, and possible are bitter tragedies and the blackness of outer darkness. The little waif that floats into a foundling asylum—is there a greater thing under the sun than that she shall have, not only a safe retreat in childhood, but the power of mind and character to make for herself a safe path and a life of noble beauty and gladness, as she steps out into the stormy struggle of womanhood?

Who knows his own life? You and I, I fear, do not. What sins have stung us and driven us, lame and enfeebled, to toil at a struggle which we have not been able to shake off and which has slowly crushed us? What murderous blows have fallen on us because we were not wise enough to get out of their way. What heart-aches have struck our firesides, the incurable blight and wither of all our hopes; and the sharp sting burning into our souls that the heartaches need not have been, had we known them as we know to-day. How faithless of life we have come to be in consequence of the infirmities which are weaving our tissues with pain, and the disappointments which have blasted the precious ideals we have striven for, and the sorrows which can not be alleviated, and the dearth of courage and joy which there are no refreshing showers to break.

Everywhere life is lost. Throughout affairs mighty economic forces are working their irresistible will, but nobody knows what they are, nor to what issues of violence and soul-tearing peril they may be tending. The cities are filled with people, crushed and bleeding because they have not known the way of life. Read your papers, they are burdened with the story of the lost. Go through the avenues and boulevards where gilded luxury is tarnished with tear-stains and biting remorse; go through the alleys and garrets where men and women toil with never a cheery hour to gladden body or soul, impoverished, enveloped in weariness and pestilence, and let their dull faces and pain-racked frames show you the terrors of having lost the way of life. Look abroad upon the throngs of giddy, thoughtless people, with whom it is well to-day, to whom pleasure is God, on whose altar wealth and strength and money are laid in daily sacrifice, who know not that life teems with losses of terrible power whose retributions never fail to follow transgressions.

The burden of the cry that is filling this time and that throbs and beats into our faces, is for life. It is the cry of thousands who have broken away from the old life-anchor and are adrift. Oh, the pain that fills the earth; sending out its dumb pleading to walls of brass! homes wiltering in filth and degradation and sin; children without a childhood; women bowed with heartaches which grind and corrode, till all the vigor of life is hopelessly shattered; strong men struggling against the tide of fate and swept to wreck upon the breakers; and all without religion and without God!

And where is the oracle that can give answer to the cry? Where in all the wide earth is there an organized agency competent to show men the way of life? The ills of human struggle are criminal, without excuse, due wholly to an ignorance and inhumanity which are without palliation in the light of the powers and possibilities possessed by existing intelligence; they are preventable as are all the dreadful consequences of human folly, but where is the organized agency which is competent to direct the tremendous struggle so wisely, and make every life engaged in the struggle so thrifty and prudent that they may be prevented? The hundreds of thousands of youth, who by reason of the corruptions of intemperate appetites which are rotting their blood and their brains, destroying their moral perceptions and their intellects, are in a tenfold worse state of destitution than are the starving peasants of Russia. Where is the organized agency that is competent to prevent this wanton ruin of youth? Where is the evidence that can restore to the lost the sweetness of faith, and the oracle of reason that can reveal the august sanctity of the infinite laws?

Here is a department of human culture, and the most fundamental and important in our world system, that is practically unoccupied; for the sporadic attempts undertaken in the field here and there are too few and too feeble and too unscientific to be considered, the greatest of the sciences—the science which holds all others in its embrace, which is indispensable to the statesman's efficiency, which is competent to open unbounded resources to literature and art, which can harmonize the vast relations of industry and sumptuously endow it, which is able everywhere to promote the sound life and to bring the wealth of culture in place of the bitterness of distemper—the science of humanity, the science which explores the deep things of life and the high powers of the human spirit, which weighs and sets in order the beneficent economics of human love and world-embracing brotherhood, which interprets the Infinite soul in human conscience and reason and goodness, and translates man, the self-seeking and finite into man, the self-renouncing and eternal, is without recognition, without a home, without an oracle; a field of truth of infinite moment, veiled in darkness from the intelligence and sympathetic interest of the people.

It is the department which falls by divine right and inheritance to the church. It is in keeping with its historic development, a continuation of its world-building work. "I am come," said Jesus "that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," and he unloosed the humanities, and led mankind into the path of growing "sweetness and light," so too said that old Hartford church as nerved by its mighty ethical inspiration it led men to the meaning and the mastery of human struggle. So will say the churches when, illumined by the light of this new time and stripped of the impediments of outworn ideals, and kindled by the ardor of an urgent ethical purpose, they face the needs of this living age. The churches still have it in their power to fetch the kingdom of heaven. The solvent of human struggle is the spiritual laws for which they have stood, interpreted and voiced by reason. Says Leroy Beaulieu, "the social problem is before all things a religious and ethical problem. It is not only a question of stomach, it is quite as much, and more perhaps, a spiritual question—a question of the soul. Social reform can only be accomplished by moral reform. In order to raise the life of the people we must raise the soul of the people, in order to reform society we must reform man—reform the rich, reform the poor, reform the workman and reform the master." The French moralist is entirely correct. To raise the life of the people the soul of the people must be raised. The function which awaits the churches is to raise the soul of the people. Their work is the nurture of life; it is education, it is culture. Their work is character, which has the virtue to overcome life's temptations, the courage to master life's trials, the serenity to wait for the good to come in the fullness of time. Their work is knowledge, which makes men rich when they are poor, which saves men from the judgment days of ignorance, which gives men command of the formidable future. Their work is humility without which paradise is turned to hell; to root out envy and vanity which are so destructive of the good of life to encourage good will and a loathing of these fine cruelties which selfishness so delights to inflict, their work is to spread calm and beauty over the face of this turbulent world; to gather the thousands of churchless, religionless souls under the broad dome of human brotherhood, the chains of ignorance stricken from their limbs, the ugly contentions of their selfishness at an end, all by the light of truth seeking the riches of life, in the bonds of love making common cause against injustice and sin and disease and pain, spreading reason's strong and gentle authority over the mighty human struggle, and on the street, and in the shop, and at the fireside, lifting the fair graces of manhood and womanhood.

They can not do it along the old paths, nor by the silent oracle of the extinct church ideal. They must forget the things which are behind and fearlessly strike hands with the new time. They must find the sanctities of religion in the necessities of life, and with the indefatigable industry and purpose which men put to the science of finance and the science of economics they must devote themselves to the science of humanity. They must acquaint themselves with the facts of the human soul and its mysterious earthly journey. They must organize around the eth spirit and send streams of l through all the regions of the toi world. They must train ski helpers of men and apostles of word of life. Here in Chicago, the tined metropolis of a vast contine empire, where the tremendous forc the industrial strife are at fiercest and the tumultuous problems of man struggle stand out in all t grandeur and all their terror, sh be a "school of the prophets, seminary dedicated to the scienc Humanity, where young men women, brought into vital touch the best and the worst that life with the burning questions of l and capital, of mansion and tenem of unscrupulous creed and hope penury, of vice and crime, of filth disease, might get their hearts larged and their minds filled with infinite laws of our terrific wo destinies, and be fitted to help struggle upward to nobler levels.

When the churches once disc the times, when they awaken to vivid sense of the magnitude and meaning of human affairs; when stern realities of human ignor and pain are not far-off question languid import, but flames of in human breasts; when truth, the truth hidden in the body an the spirit, in toil, in violence aspiration, in suffering, become quenchless passion, they will be light of the world. They will the authority of the eternal. T work will not fail.

The Exchange Table.

To the Board of Directors of Prin Theological Seminary:

GENTLEMEN:—I beg leave to sign into your hands the departme Church History which has been u my sole charge for three years. so doing I feel it my duty to mal frank statement of the reasons w lead me to retire from the servic Princeton.

It has been brought to my kn edge in a manner which preclude doubt, that no man can be elected professorship in this institution the full approval of the present te ing force, unless he makes a dis and unequivocal avowal that he cepts the standards of our Churc the sense which has always been upon them by the fathers, found and former professors of this S nary, that he will conform his te ings and utterances thereto, and he will introduce no new depar in this respect. Such an avow should not be willing to make u any circumstances or for any purp

1. It is unnecessary and unco tutional. The vows imposed on fessors by the Church are suffic and I should find no difficulty in ing them. But I could not reco it to my conscience to make suc additional avowal of loyalty to a p or tradition because I believe tha exaction is not apt to promote peace, unity or prosperity of Church.

2. It seems to me to destroy lib of speech and personal initiative, to impose an obligation impossib fulfill. I am unable to unders how the teaching of Church his can be conformed to a traditi sense put upon the Westmi standards by certain men.

3. It is evident that it includ promise of support to a doctrine w is at present under discussion, preterition.

Now I believe the Calvinistic ology to the best which the hu mind has constructed, but I do believe that preterition is esse Calvinism, and I should not

ing to make it a test of orthodoxy. In regard to this point, while I have never been conscious of any want of harmony with the spirit, method, or teaching of my revered preceptor, Dr. A. A. Hodge, it may be that I am not in perfect harmony with the present spirit and teaching of professors in this seminary. If so, it is certainly not due to any change on my part.

For these reasons I should always decline to make any such avowal as that to which I have referred. The knowledge that it is expected from me is, in fact, the reason why I must ask you not to consider my name in connection with the future of the department of Church History.

This withdrawal leaves you free to fill the chair in accordance with the policy of the Faculty, and leaves me free to serve the Church according to the dictates of my conscience.

I remain, gentleman,

Yours very respectfully,

PAUL VAN DYKE.

THE higher criticism is literary criticism as distinguished from textual criticism, which is the "lower." It is not biblical philology nor exegesis, nor biblical history, nor dogmatics, nor apolgetics, although it has relations with all these. It is the science of the structure and history of the biblical writings as works of human authorship. Its method is that of every true science, the method introduced into modern learning by Bacon, whose name Dr. Watts takes boldly upon his lips, but of whose principle he shows so imperfect an application; it does not begin with a thesis which it tries to establish by the facts, but with a candid study of the facts to learn exactly what they are, and, as far as may be, what they mean—to collect and classify them, and generalize from them to those literary and historical conclusions about the writings which the facts justify. No doubt its attainment of these ends is imperfect. It shares the limitations of all human science. It is fallible, being a mode of operation of fallible men. But in regard to considerable parts of the Bible it has succeeded in reaching definite conclusions, which satisfy in their main features an increasingly large number of Bible students. There is every reason to suppose that it will go on its way learning more and more fully, stating its results more and more precisely, and winning a wider and wider acceptance. Of the life and beauty with which it has invested the Bible for hundreds and thousands of questioners there is no room to speak.—*Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, in the Homiletic Review.*

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Ben-Hur; A Tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace. The Garfield Edition. Two Vols. Harper & Bros. New York: 1892.

Few novels in our time, if any, have been honored by such an *edition de luxe* as this of General Wallace's "Ben-Hur." It is called the Garfield Edition because it reproduces in facsimile a letter of Garfield's to Wallace, warm in its praise of his "beautiful and reverent book." Every detail of the book, as now published in this special edition, is beautiful. It is bound in a deep orange Persian silk with a chaste and exquisite design. There are some twenty photogravures of different scenes and places in Palestine that are perfect in that form of art. But what gives the book its most unique and striking quality is the lavish multitude of wood engravings that are introduced into the wide margins as the pages down which the story exc or trickles in a narrow stream. Pin There are hundreds of these, often two or three upon a page, and their variety is remarkable. Bits of architecture are, perhaps, the most numerous and the most effective. But there are also bits of scenery and household utensils and armor and weapons, and all the details of the Roman war-ships and the circus, with plants and flowers and trees suggested by the local situation. The artist of all these things is William Martin Johnson. Either he has not put forth all his strength in the illustrations of the chariot race, which furnishes the book with one of its most powerful episodes, hesitating to suggest an interest in rivalry with the text, or he is not so strong on this as on some other lines. It is certain that his horses are not so good as his still life and bits of natural scenery. The illustrations are not closely related to the text, and, as there is no indication of what they are intended for on the page or in an index, it is evident that their decorative function was uppermost in the artist's mind. A few of them are so far below the average level that we find ourselves wondering why they were allowed to pass. Evidently in some cases the engraver has not seconded the intention of the artist in the completest manner.

It must be confessed that many heretofore have found "Ben-Hur" a weariness. They have set out to read it again and again and each time they have failed and have found themselves wondering why and how a book they can not read has sold at a phenomenal rate—nearly or quite, if rumor can be trusted here, 200,000 copies, and that must mean some millions of readers. It is possible that the beauty of the marginal illustrations may entice some of these from page to page and from chapter to chapter, until the book is read at last. Then, when they have, as far as possible, disengaged the pleasure they have received from the artist from that given by the novelist, they will endeavor to make up a judgment on the merits of the book and on the causes of its great reputation. While it is called "a tale of the Christ," they will find that it is concerned with him in but two books of the eight which make up the whole story. The whole of the first book treats with great elaboration of the coming of the Wise Men from the East to hail the infant Christ. General Wallace has here taken a great liberty with the traditional conception in that two of his wise men are from the West and neither one of them is a Magian. This is a matter of less importance than the quality of their descriptions of themselves and their faith. These read as if extracted from the pages of an old-time encyclopædia. In their connection with the descriptions of their horses and camels and their dress and trappings, we have a capital illustration of what is best in General Wallace's work and what is poorest. It is best where he is objective and realistic; it is poorest where he essays to deal with intellectual or spiritual things. He is fond of the rich, the sumptuous, the grandiose, and is always effective in dealing with these things, if we do not consider too curiously. To do this, in the case of the guiding star for example, would start more problems in optics and astronomy in an hour than one could solve in a year, if ever. There is nowhere in the book a sign of any critical approach to the New Testament narrations, and one cannot help wondering if the archæological matter of the book has been acquired upon as easy terms. However acquired, an appearance of reality is everywhere its distinguishing sign.

General Wallace's book has almost as little literary as critical distinction. He is not the master of an easy, graceful style, but writes with pompous gravity. He is always at his best in describing things and especially magnificent things. In his characterization of persons there is generally something stiff, and the solemn forms of speech which are used throughout aggravate this appearance. It is generally understood that he is at his best in describing forcible action, as in the great scenes of the sea-fight and the hippodrome; but, good as these are, they do not seem to us as good as the descriptions of cities and palaces and the impressiveness of detailed effects of atmosphere and time and place. Gen. Wallace's gravitation to things large and splendid, sometimes carries him away into absurdity, as where he gathers a crowd of three millions of people to witness the crucifixion of Jesus.

He comes back to Jesus in the concluding book of the novel, and in such a manner that we do not regret that he has not done so before. He does not touch the life or character of Jesus with one illuminating ray. Ben-Hur masses his miracles in a way that offers premiums upon the incredulity of the most superstitious. The tendency to represent Jesus as a creature pitifully abject could not any further go. The most is made of every supernatural detail and the least possible of every spiritual opportunity. There are particulars in which we find the proofs of the imperfect training which was inseparable from Gen. Wallace's personal antecedents. They are lapses into crudities of style, and into forms of speech which are offensive in their sophomorical flatness or their vulgar modernness. The whole conception and the general execution of the book are wonderful for a man for whom the pen at first was nothing to the sword. But when we analyze it carefully we come to the conclusion that it is a book of meretricious splendor, which leaves us with the feeling that we have been with a dime novel raised to the tenth power, and we are compelled to account for its enormous popularity by the fact that those who care for things false and showy and unreal are as ten to one compared with those who care for things simple and genuine and nobly beautiful.

J. W. C.

"Church Entertainments: Twenty Objections." By B. Carradine, D. D. Syracuse, N. Y.: A. W. Hall, Pub. 100 pp. Paper cover. Price, 30 cents.

The twenty objections of this little book are from the standpoint of one who believes in the infallibility of the Bible, the seriousness of "religion," and that Christ had and enforced rigid ideas regarding "the temple," which still hold good to-day. Some of his objections are very sound if applied to many of the entertainments that really desecrate any church, "liberal or orthodox," but the unreasonable sweep of Mr. Carradine's views and objections are shown by this one extract from his book (which it is as fair to choose as any): "The whole idea of entertaining the people at God's house comes from Satan, and is one of the most subtle and dangerous of all his movements upon and against Christianity. He knows that if Christ is held up before the people, and men look steadily at him, they will be saved. Hence his idea is to divert the church from doing this. He whispers that Christ alone is not enough to draw souls; that it takes Christ and jokes, Christ and lectures, Christ and entertainments. * * * So he tempts and so he has succeeded in thousands of instances, in sidetracking the church. He has switched her off from the one blessed heavenly employment of crying "Behold the Lamb," and she it now part lyceum, part theatre and part kitchen. * * * Instead of sobs and cries of "What shall I do to be saved?" you will be greeted with clapping of hands, rattle of plates, and boasts of uproarious applause. A side-tracked church!"

An Honest Lawyer. By Alvah Milton Kerr. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. Paper. 312 pp. Price, 50 cents.

This is a book written for a purpose, the purpose of showing the defects of the present commercial system of competition in which "the rich and comforting fabric of our wealth is gradually wound in great balls before which the rich sit down, leaving the masses bare." The story runs on in what seems at least a partially unnatural way, proving the points the author desires to prove, with much of truth in it, but, also, with crudities and other defects that are somewhat distasteful. Towards the close of it we find this: "But beneath competition, which is the diseased and visible organ, lies the principle of unlimited acquirement, the absolute liberty and license of accumulation, which makes competition the strained, dishonest, over heating, undermining thing it is. * * * What is my remedy? *The personal and immediate limitation of wealth by each professed follower of Christ; the general limitation of wealth by statute as soon as possible.*

This book is part of the widespread "feeling towards" a better state of things, and surely, most people want things bettered whatever the way towards that end may ultimately prove to be. J. S.

The Life of Joshua R. Giddings. By George W. Julian. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1892.

This is an excellent book—a worthy life of a worthy man. Giddings was one of the bravest and most steadfast defenders of human rights during the darkest hour of our national history, and his simple story is fitly told by his son-in-law, Hon. G. W. Julian. The story had been told before in Buell's "Sketch," published ten years ago. But that work was inadequate and so careless that Lowell's noble sonnet to Giddings was credited to Bryant. The present volume is full and exact and may well aspire to be the final and authoritative life of the brave reformer. A. W. G.

Not on Calvary: A Layman's Plea for Mediation in the Temptation in the Wilderness. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1892.

This daintily devised booklet is one of the signs of the times. Its anonymous author reverently ventures to doubt whether it was on Calvary that the redemption of man was achieved. He well asks how Jesus could have prayed that the cup of crucifixion should pass from him, if it was through the crucifixion only that man was to be redeemed, and he proposes a new scheme of salvation wherein the resistance to the temptation in the wilderness, and not the death on the cross, broke the devil's claim to man. He thinks his new scheme will cause the questioning mind less doubt than the old scheme. Perhaps it may; but the real significance of the book is in the fact that such a believing soul, such a mediæval mind as the author displays, should have ventured to doubt at all. A. W. G.

The Newest Books.

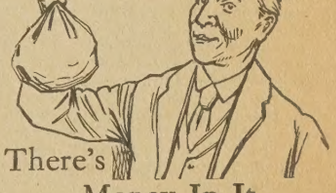
All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Sources of Consolation in Human Life. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 437. Price, $1.50.

Social and Literary Papers. Charles Chauncey Shackford. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 299. Price, $1.25.

Jane Austen's Novels. Pride and Prejudice. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Half Russia. Price $2.50.

Pushed by Unseen Hands. By Helen H. Gardner, author of "A Thoughtless Yes," "Is this Your Son, my Lord," etc. New York: Commonwealth Company, 121 Fourth Avenue. Cloth, 12mo, 303 pages, $1.00. Paper, 50 cents.



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MARION H. PERKINS, *Sec'y.*

Boston.—Rev. A. J. Rich, late an officer of the Bureau of Unity Clubs, is doing model work in Milford, N. H. He is showing great ability as an organizer of clubs, study classes, guild, Sunday-school and church work. On Easter Sunday twelve children and ten adults were baptised, and fifty-six members were received into the church by the right hand of fellowship. Another admission into church membership will take place at the end of June.

—The Ministers' Monday Club discussed the question of making the Unitarian Temperance Society into a Total Abstinence Society.

—Meetings of the Ministerial Union and the Boston Association of Ministers stand adjourned to October next. Arrangements are already made for some summer renovations of some church edifices.

—The *Christian Register* writes that neither in Japan nor Chicago should Unitarianism be offered as a "Boston notion."

—The "National Alliance" report $3,289 collected for Meadville school. 452 volumes sent to Japan.

—Rev. Oliver J. Fairfield preached last Sunday at King's Chapel.

—The Japan Building Fund now adds up three hundred dollars.

—The Vacation schools established here in 1882, will be soon opened with the addition of further industrial exercises. The city permits the use of some of their school rooms and school yards for the charity while it is sustained by private contributions.

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The Spring Season

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That is in time for Thee.
Bid.—For none may climb but the soul
that is tried.
Yours.—We forfeit what we keep.
Rest.— All comely thought with sunny feet
Shall haunt eternity.
Fall.— Nothing can run to waste
In building up God's man.
—*H. Elvet Lewis.*

Keep Hoeing and Praying.

"Faith without works is dead."—*Bible.*

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbor Gray,
I've worn my knees thro' to the bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

Your corn looks twice as good as mine,
Though you don't pretend to be
shinin' light in the church to shine,
An' tell salvation's free.

I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times,
For to make that 'ere corn grow;
n' why your'n beats it so and climbs
I'd gin a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones,
In his easy, quiet way,
When prayers get mixed with lazy bones,
They don't make farmin' pay."

Your weeds, I notice, are good an' tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall
If you don't dig up the tares.

I mix my prayers with a little toil,
Along in every row;
n' I work this mixture into the soil,
Quite vig'rous with a hoe.

An' I've discovered, though still in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost well worked in
Makes pretty decent corn.

So, while I'm praying I use my hoe,
An' do my level best,
To keep down the weeds along each row,
An' the Lord he does the rest.

It's well for to pray, both night an' morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

You must use your hands while praying,
though,
If an answer you would get,
For prayer-worn knees an' a rusty hoe
Never raised a big crop yet.

An' so I believe, my good old friend,
If you mean to win the day,
From plowing, clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."
—*Iowa State Register.*

The Shaving-Shop.

A little colored boy lives near us. His name is Ebenezer Guy Spratt, and we all call him Ebon for short. Papa says it is a good name for him.

His father owns a shaving-shop, and it has a great big stick painted all colors outside the door. He cuts my hair and my papa's whiskers, and when I'm big I'm going to let him cut my whiskers.

Ebon is a very good boy, and comes over to our house to play with me. He's better than I am, 'cause sometimes I get mad; but I guess his mother thinks I'm pretty good, for she always lets him come.

Sometimes we quarrel. The other day I said "Let's play we had a shaving-shop like your father's, and you and me can be the shavers."

He laughed so hard he had to roll round on the grass and kick up his heels, and when I didn't like being laughed at, he said "'Taint a shaving-shop; it's a barber-shop. But you're a little feller, and don't know any better I 'spose."

That made me mad, so I said, "If I'm a little feller, you're one too, Ebon Spratt! You're bigger'n me up and down, but I'm lots bigger sideways than you are—so!"

By and by I got over being mad enough so that we could play, but I said I should call it a shaving-shop, and he could call it a barber-shop, and when my papa got home I was going to ask him.

We got a chair, and Ann let us take an old apron to put over the people who came to get their hair cut, and I got a pair of scissors and a cup of soap and water, and then we did n't have anybody to shave; but just as I was going to let Ebon try me, Miss Rogers's dog came in.

Miss Rogers is visiting next door, and her dog is a little bit of a thing, and all covered with hair. His bang is so long his eyes are most covered up.

"Oh my," says Ebon, "there's a gemperlum that needs it bad! Walk right in, sah, glad to see you's feelin' so well."

And doggy wagged his tail and was just as good as he could be, and we cut his bang beautiful, and then I said to Ebon, "Let's cut his hair all off, he must be awful warm. I feel lots better when mine is cut." So we did.

Somehow he looked funnier when he was all done than he did with his hair on, and we thought he looked queer then.

Miss Rogers came in with him right after supper.

When she took the shawl off and said, "Look at the poor little darling!" my papa got to coughing like anything and had to go out of the room, and mamma said to Fred, "Go quick and get your father some water."

My mamma was real nice to Miss Rogers, and got her to feeling some better, but she talked a good deal to me that night.

'Cause the dog wasn't mine, she said. I had n't any right to touch him unless I asked Miss Rogers. I said it did n't seem as if a dog was like *things* that belong to people, if *he* didn't care and I did n't hurt him I thought it was all right, but I would n't do anything like that again.

I had to go over and 'pologize to Miss Rogers this morning, but I forgot to ask papa about Ebon's father's shop. I am pretty sure it's a shaving-shop though.—*Isabel L. Goodhue, in the Youth's Companion.*

Lincoln's Kindness to Birds.

The following incident is related by one who knew Lincoln, and who was at the time of the incident his fellow-traveler.

We had passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone.

"Where is Lincoln?" we inquired.

"Oh," he replied, "when I saw him last, he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nests, and he was hunting for the nest that he might put them back in it."

In a short time Lincoln came up, having found the nest and restored the birds.

The party laughed at him, but he said, "I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."—*American Youth.*

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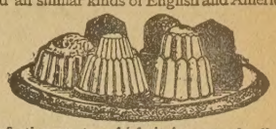

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Publisher's Notes.

It is with great pleasure that we announce that we have purchased the plates of Theodore Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," and that we shall soon have editions of the book ready both in cloth and in paper. This book was made up from notes of unpublished sermons by Rufus Leighton, who through many years was accustomed to report Theodore Parker's sermons for the press. The first edition of this book was published in 1865, a few years after Parker's death. Mr. Leighton says in his preface:

"The last time that I saw Mr. Parker, just previous to his leaving Boston for the West Indies, in the latter part of January, 1859, while he was making his final arrangements, not only for the immediate voyage, but with a view to the possibility of his never returning, I said to him that I should be glad to publish a volume of selections from my phonographic notes of his sermons,—taken down from Sunday to Sunday, as they were delivered during several years previous. He gave his cordial assent to the proposal, and afterwards alluded to it several times in his correspondence with me and with others, during the year that followed, while vainly seeking the restoration of his health in foreign lands.

"Shortly before I made this suggestion he had written to me thus: 'It has been a great comfort to think that after I have passed away some of my best things might still be collected from my rough notes and your nice photograph of the winged words. The things I value most are not always such as get printed.'"

The book contains 430 large pages, and covers a great variety of subjects grouped under such headings as "The Material World and Man's Relation Thereto," "The Nature of Man," "Phases of Domestic Life," "The Power of Endurance of what is Noblest in Man," "Human Progress," "Man in His Religious Aspects," etc. The price of the book has never been less than $1.25, and this will still be the price of the cloth edition, but we shall issue simultaneously a paper edition at 50 cents, and we shall be glad to make special arrangements with those who desire to purchase in large quantities for missionary work, besides offering the usual liberal terms to the trade. We expect to have the book ready early in July, and advance orders will be attended to in the order in which they are received. Address,

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REV. J. G. HAIGH, Pastor.

YORKVILLE, December 12, 1890.

Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, Chicago.—GENTLEMEN:—It has been my intention for some time past to write and tell you what an inestimable boon by "Remington" has been to me. Beyond all my expectations it has answered every purpose I had in view. Some fifteen years ago I first saw your advertisement and though at that time I was as poor as Job's turkey, with no prospect of being able to buy a machine, I sent for a catalogue which confirmed the opinion that I must have a typewriter to do my work as I wanted it done so far as transferring thought to paper was concerned. Ever since I have had an eye for typewriter announcements and within the past year or two I have tried several so-called "best-in the-world-machines," but they were so unsatisfactory that I hesitated to invest for fear I might regret the outlay. However, seeing so many letters written on your machines, and being more and more impressed with the beauty of the work, I concluded to venture and so secured a "Remington Standard No. 2," with which I am writing this letter. I will say that the instrument reached me in perfect order and in every way as represented. I was surprised at the facility with which I was at once able to operate it. In a month's time I found I could write an entire sermon in one-half the time it formerly took me with the pen. Now I can do it in one third of the time. It is a great comfort indeed to have a manuscript before one written with this machine. The advantages are too many to relate. As an aid in thinking and composing there is not its like. I would not return to the miseries of pen and ink if I had to buy a new machine every half-decade. I would wear cheaper clothes and save the money. I should not only recommend but urge every clergyman to secure a typewriter as an invaluable aid in sermonic preparation and delivery. And if one should ask my opinion I should not hesitate to say, having tried other machines, and having put the "Remington" to almost every kind of test, the machine worthy to be dedicated to the work of sermon writing is the "Remington Standard No. 2."

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YORKVILLE, ILL., May 10, 1892.

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